



The Return of It by JcPlayz591

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Summary: A small group of friends must fight off Pennywise The Dancing Clown, in order to bring peace back to Derry.

1. Prologue

We heard stories, legends, about kids who faced off against a killer clown. Most call it bullshit, but we believe it. Who wouldn't after what we have been through? It wasn't easy, but we finally beat Pennywise.

July 5th, 2018

Rob Richards was walking down the street. He had just turned 8, his party had just finished. He noticed 3 boys in front of a shop: a boy (maybe 15 or 16 years old), and the Budd brothers (notoriously vicious sophomores). The boy was pinned to the wall by the oldest brother, Mark. His brother Reed watched Rob. Rob saw Mark quickly hide a pocket knife.

"Run, fuckface, before we kick your ass next." Reed said. Rob knew they weren't afraid to hurt him, so he started to walk away.

"Pleease...don...nt...go" the boy (known as Fred) had stuttered. blood streamed from his mouth from the beating. "Shut up before we kill you," Mark said, flashing the knife to Fred.

Rob ran as fast as he could to find help, but the only other person on the usually busy street was a man with white skin, orange hair, and a goofy-looking suit.

"Hello Robert, I am Pennywise the Dancing Clown, would you care for a balloon?" He asked. "Please help! I think they are going to kill him!" Rob exclaimed.

"Believe me, they won't kill Fred. Wanna know how I know?" The clown asked. "How?" "Because, they will be scared off by your screams!"

Pennywise grabbed Rob, and started to pull him towards the sewers. "HELP!" Rob called, but the unconscious Fred only remained on the street. Pennywise pointed at the stormdrain, and the bars bent to be able to fit him and Rob.

Rob grabbed the bars while being pulled in. "LET GO!" Pennywise said as he yanked hard. Rob's midsection was seperated, blood and guts fell into the sewer.

Blacking out, Rob let go of the bars...and plummeted 10 feet down the storm drain, never to see sunlight again...

2. Chapter 1

July 6th, 2018

Fred was down by the barrens. It was the only place where he was at peace. "Whatcha doin?" Drew asked. Drew was his oldest friend, the one person he can trust more than anyone.

"Thinking. Hurting," He said, they both laughed. "But really, they hit me hard," The bruises on his face were huge. It was the worst beating he ever took. "Listen, this is gonna sound REALLY crazy, but you have to believe me," She said.

"okay, what is so crazy?"

"I was washing dishes, when drops of blood fell from the ceiling. I went up and saw the bathroom covered in blood. Everytime I would try to clean it, more would appear out of the drains.

Dad didn't see it, but it was there. I also found a dairy. It used to belong to the previous owner of my apartment

A 10 year old named Beverly Marsh. She writes about a killer clown that was probably just a spooky story to tell her friends. Anyway, she wrote about the exact same thing that happened to me. It happened to her 58 years ago on the same date! How crazy is that?"

A floating object distracted Drew and Fred.

A red ballon that has I Love Derry! written on it...

3. Chapter 2

May 17th, 2018

Jason was riding home on the bus. His dark red hair blew with the breeze. Usually, he would have a bully on him, but today was special. A kid named Greg had a birthday. Nerd and geeks hated their birthdays, because they got hit extra hard.

None of Jason's friends ride his bus (He was the only one in the group that lived on the outskirts of Derry), so he felt lonely. The ride was mostly quiet except for Greg's screams. Finally, he was home.

There was a road leading to his house that was pretty long. About halfway there, he heard something moving in the bushes. He stopped, but started again after he saw nothing there.

A couple seconds later, he heard "Jaaaaaaasooooon..."

He turned to see a red balloon floating behind him. "How the hell?" He asked himself. A loud BANG sounded through the path as the balloon popped. Standing in its place was a clown. His white suit had orange and red buttons. His red-lipped smile cursed Jason with goosebumps.

"Would you like a balloon?" It asked...

4. Chapter 3

May 17th, 2018

"I have plenty balloons. Different colors too: blue, green, red...red is my favorite, What about you Jason? Do you like red?"

"I like...red..." Jason replied, horrified. "Good, good..." It said as it produced a broken bottle from inside his costume. It broke the bottle, and ran a sharp edge across the length of his arm. It held the broken bottle a few feet away from Jason. "It's red! Red...red...RED!" It lunged at Jason, teeth now razor sharp, even covered in blood. Laying on the ground was a wooden baseball bat. Jason picked up the bat, and stuck it in It's teeth, keeping It from biting off his head. Jason ran towards his house. It followed.

"Get the fuck away from me!" Jason yelled. He noticed that his parent's cars were gone. No one to help him. He looked back to see It somehow closer. He could swear It was only walking. He noticed something else. It's eyes were bright red. His knuckles had produced red claws. It was becoming a monster, a killer clown...Jason's worst fear. "Dear God..." Jason mumbled. It seemed larger. Jason knew this was the end. "HEY! LEAVE HIM ALONE!" A girl shouted. Her name was Drew, but he only knew her name. Jason's friend, Fred, was with her.

"GO TO HELL PENNYWISE!" Drew shouted. That got It's attention. "Whatever you see him as, it's a lie, Jason," Fred called. Jason saw It, his worst fear, transform back into a normal clown. "Damn you, Fred!" Pennywise called. "Now I'll have to find another child to eat!" Jason blinked, and where It was, now held a single, red balloon. This time; however, it read: Fred Will Be Red.

"He isn't very good at jokes, is he Freddy?" Jason asked. "No, he isn't" Fred replied. "Jason..."

"We need a favor...will you join us to stop It?" Drew asked...

5. Author's Notes-1

I have decided to change things up a bit. There will now be different "Parts." Part 1 is chapters 1, 2, and 3. In between these parts, I will add "Author's Notes" like this one. As a thank you for reading my story, I will add a preview for Part 2-The Club!

Part 2-The Club

"We all float down here, Greg. I float here, kids float down here...YOU'LL FLOAT TOO!" The Clown said as It attacked Greg, who had entered the house at the end of Neibolt Street. The house that was rebuilt after it was set on fire in '03. His screams could be heard from all down Neibolt Street, yet not a soul went to investigate. Their grandparents had told them stories, stories of disappearing kids. Hell, they had, at one point, seen It. They knew how dangerous the house was.

The police never got involved with the house, but one detective had to help. He lived on Neibolt Street, and took the day off. Detective Peters opened the front door. It had never been opened since The Losers Club had fought Pennywise, so the door nearly broke out of it's hinges when Peters opened it. He smelled rotting wood and mold. The Detective fought it off as he found the stairs leading down.

"I don't usually play with adults, but you did enter MY home." Peters turned to see a clown standing at the top of the stairs. "You're the one that has taken those kids, WHERE ARE THEY?" Peters asked threateningly. "They float down there. As do I." It said as he turned into a monster. Sharp teeth lined his mouth, and claws came from his knuckles. Peters only saw one way...down. He started climbing down the stairs as It slowly advanced on him.

"Stay back!" Peters warned as he drew his sidearm.

"You'll float too..." It said.

6. Part 2: Loser's Club

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"Stay back!" Peters warned as he drew his sidearm.

"You'll float too..." It said. Peters shot at the clown. Once, twice. He seemed to miss each shot. He kept pulling the trigger until the pistol stopped firing, signaling an empty chamber. "FUCK!" Peters yelled as he tripped on a step that had broken years ago. He landed at the bottom with a broken leg. He noticed 2 things: 1 was a large opening into the sewers (He assumed), and 2: The Clown was gone. "Wierd, he never went back upstairs," He thought. Peters realized The Clown must have gone into the sewers. "It's time for you to die," He said as he picked up a spare hammer on the ground, and entered the opening in the ground...

7. Chapter 4

Fred saw the signs. It was strange, disappearances were for little kids, not cops. Peters was last seen on Neibolt Street, the sign said. Nobody would go after him. The house was far too dangerous. Little did Fred know that he was being watched that day.

The next day, a man walked up to him. "What do you think you kids are doing?" He asked. He looked like an FBI agent. "You are messing with something you know nothing about. It is a monster. Let us handle It."

Fred was left with more questions than answers. Luckily he had someone that could help him: Grandpa Bill.

He was on the phone with his grandfather. "Grandpa, I heard that you used to be in a club," Fred asked. The old man grew goosebumps. "Fred. Stay away from that house, I'll have a friend go down and destroy the bastard before he can get to you! It is very dangerous...stay away from the house on Neibolt Street." Just like that, Bill hung up. The only source of information on the clown was going to have him killed. Fred knew there was only one place left, the house on Neibolt Street.

Fred gathered his flashlight. He wouldn't take anything else, nothing will work against It. He rode his bike to the old house. The eerie silence welcomed Fred as he entered the building. Shadows danced on the walls. He was already shaking, he had to ask It about Its past. "Come on out you son of a bitch," Fred called.

"I should eat you now," Pennywise said as he came around a corner. "It floats inside me, but It can't come out. It is always hungry. You just need to be afraid." None of that made any sense to Fred. "There are too sides to me," The Clown explained. "The hungry creature, and the cunning clown," Pennywise concluded. "You got what you want, now I get my desires," It said as It transformed into a monster. It ran towards Fred, but missed. "I have already figured you out, Pennywise. You can't hurt me because I am not afraid!" Fred picked up a screwdriver and stabbed It in the head.

Fred ran out of the house, thinking if the others were convinced to join...

8. Chapter 5

Detective Peters entered a large, circular room. Full of circus propaganda of "Pennywise The Dancing Clown!" A ruined circus tent sat in the middle held up by spider webs. Greg sat cowering in a corner. Pennywise backflipped out of the tent, staring at Greg, he didn't seem to notice Peters.

"Hello, Gregory! Would you like a balloon?" Pennywise asked. "Where am I? Who the hell are you?" Greg asked. "I am Pennywise The Dancing Clown! I bring little children down here so they can float with me. Down here we all float." Pennywise answered. "Now I ask you again...do you want a balloon?" Pennywise asked.

Peters brought the hammer full-force on It's head. It turned to face him. Spider legs burst from It's head, and in an instant, It seemed to turn inside out, but in the shape of a spider-like creature. "RUN!" Peters yelled at Greg. It Pounced on Peters, and bit the top side of his head off, leaving only the stomach and legs. The dead officer slumped to the ground. "Float with us." A boy said from above.

Greg looked up to see millions of floating children. They chanted for Greg to stay, but Greg ran as fast as he could out of the sewers. After running in the dark forever, he finally managed to exit into the barrens. He saw 4 kids about his age sitting on the ground. He recognized them as Fred Denbrough, Drew Hanscom, Jason Tozier, and Ariana Diaz. They all turned to see him. "Who is that?" Drew asked.

"That's Greg Bowers," Jason said. Greg told them what happened. "Finally, I made it back here," Greg finished. Fred wondered why Pennywise would go after a kid like Greg, it surely must have been hard to try to kill a teenager. Why would he risk it? "There is something special about us," Fred said. "My Grandpa told me about a group of friends he had that tried to kill Pennywise, maybe...we are related to his friends."

They figured the pieces together: Bill was the grandson of Bill, Drew was the granddaughter of Beverley and Ben, Jason was Richie's nephew, and Ariana was the granddaughter of Eddie. Greg was

obviously the grandson of Henry Bowers, but they were missing a member. Greg could fill in for Stanley (He had no children), but they needed a relative of Mike Hanlon...